

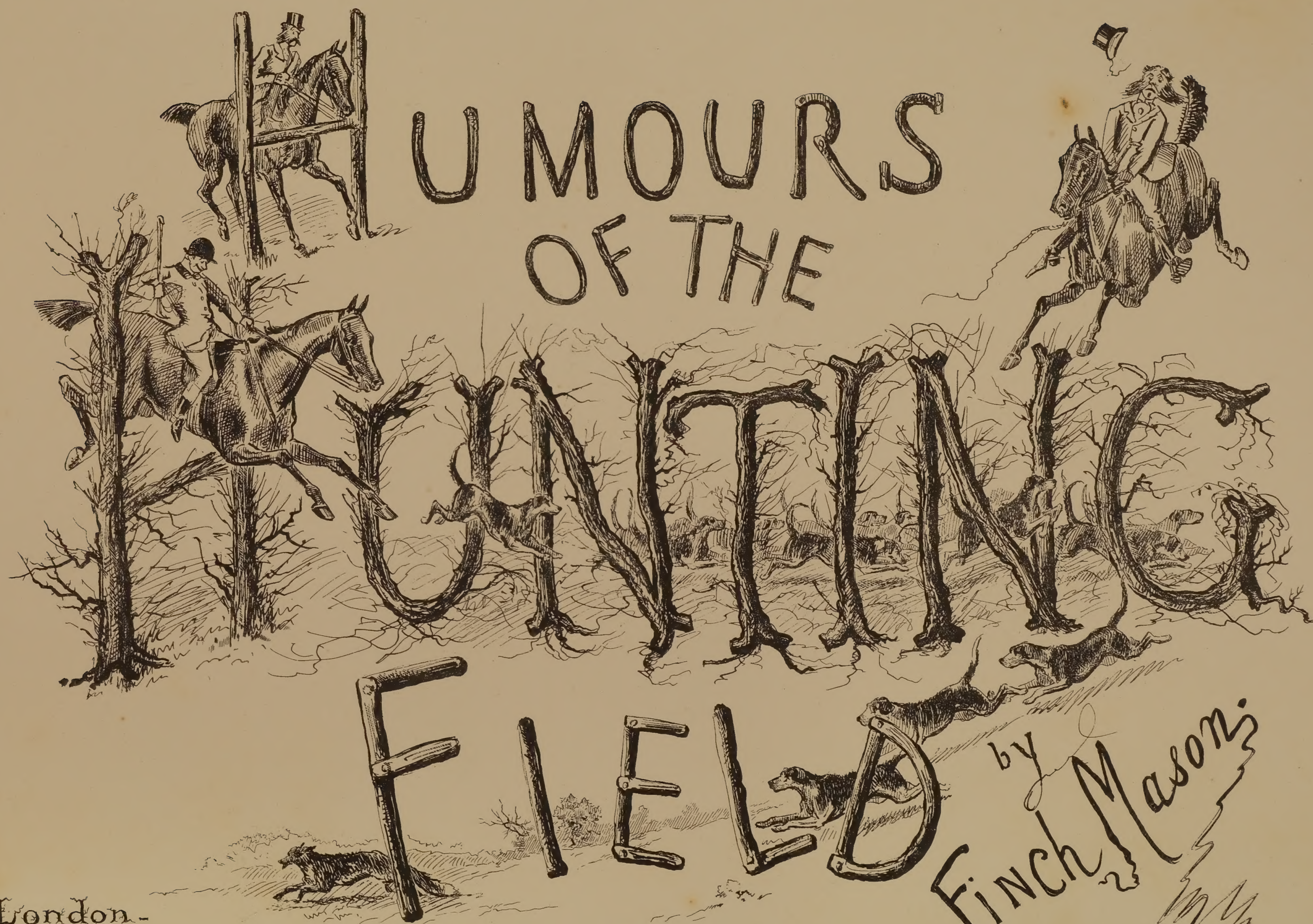


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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS





London.
Published by Messrs Fores 41 Piccadilly W. 1886.

by
Finch Masons
W. H.



London. Published December 14th 1886 by Mess^{rs} Fores, 41, Piccadilly, W.

Our own Sporting Undergraduate.

That's the style old girl! We'll teach old Turniptops to lock his gates!



London. Published December 14th 1886 by Mess^{rs} Fores, 41, Piccadilly, W.

A Case of Real Distress.

The Captain. " Good gracious ! what is the matter Miss Larkins ? Can I be of any service ? "

Miss L. " Oh Captain Glanders ! I'm in s-such d-d-distress—my poor little mare is d-d-done as c-c-crisp as a b-biscuit, and I shall never get to the end of this b-be-ootiful thing .



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"Irish" quite "Irish" you know.
Tim Maloney. (an Irish whip) "Hould up, ye ould thief!"



London. Published December 14th 1886 by Mess^{rs} Fores, 41, Piccadilly, W.

Old Browns Daughter -

Brown pere. " Yes! in engaging herself to you my dear Bullion, it is pleasant to know that my darling daughter is simply obeying the dictates of a loving heart - the fact of your being a Millionaire has not biassed her in the least : That girl sir, literally worships the very ground you walk upon, and as to a prior attachment of any kind - Pooh!

They turn the corner - *Tableau!*



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A Cracker over the Grass.

"That's the style Tom! Send old Rat tail along! You're all behind hand"



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Anythings better than nothing.

Farmer Goodfellow. (one of the right sort) "Why dash mar boans and body Muster Charles! there be no hounds
in front of ee"

Muster Charles - "Hounds be blowed! We've had a blank day; so we are larking home - Hooray!"



John H. P.

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"The Grey Mare &c"

Mrs Tittums. "Come, come, Mr Tittums! is this the way you pilot your wife? Now Sir, over you go!"



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Moses among the Bull-finches -

Sir Frank Flyakite (a spendthrift Baronet) "Hi, look sharp Moss! here's your horse, and if you don't swear you'll renew that overdue Bill of mine, I'll let him go."



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Florat Etona!

Nimrod Major. (in the distance) "Come along Minor! There's a Harrow Boy just behind you."



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Always the way -

Of course just as old Mr Fozzle is about to enjoy his luncheon quietly, the cry is heard of Tally-Ho! Boock! and the mare in her excitement nearly upsets Mr F as well as his sherry -

Cuss the hounds! exclaims Mr Fozzle.



London. Published December 11th 1886 by Messrs. F. & S. Dares, 4, Piccadilly, W.

The Fence out of the Wood.

"Gently does it Tomkins! there's a drop t'other side"



London: Published December 14th 1886 by Mess^{rs} Forbes, 41, Piccadilly, W.
Une bonne histoire — Joe Wagley's last —



London: Published December 14th 1886 by Mess^{rs} Fores, 41, Piccadilly, W.

A Dream of the Past.

Mr Bullpig (log^r) Ah! I remember the time when I used to ride just that young chap's weight.



London. Published December 14th 1886 by Mess^{rs} Fores, 41, Piccadilly, W.
Experientia Docet.

Spriggins having read somewhere or another, that it is a good thing when jumping water, to take the feet out of the stirrups - tries it - N.B. He is here depicted in the act of hanging on by his eyelids -



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"Oh Yes! I dare say"

Miss Blanche. (who has carefully left the governor behind in Oakapple Wood) "Dear me how charming this is to be sure! I wonder where poor dear Papa can be!"



London. Published December 14th 1886 by Messrs. Fores, 41, Piccadilly. W.

Ware Heels.

Major Swellcove (log^r) "Haw. I wouldn't if I were you Sir, come too near my mare's heels, she's apt to kick at times"

UNIFORM WITH "HUMOURS OF THE HUNTING FIELD" IN SIZE, NUMBER OF PLATES & PRICE,

IS



Scattered about by

FINCH MASON

& Collected by

MESS^{rs} FORES The Publishers of 41 Piccadilly London 1887

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